The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1883. NO. 10.

Miscellaneous Adver's.

SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. MRS. W. J. FLYNN,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.

Brown Chemical Co.
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See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Fine Ready-Made Clothing.

It is no longer necessary for you to depend on the small tailor with his high prices and limited assortment, since we can furnish you Clothing ready-made, fully equal to custom work, at about one-half the price.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

We will refund the money on all goods returned not found satisfactory.

A. C. Yates & Co.,
LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut & Sixth Sts.,
mch2-4m PHILADELPHIA.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOURSELF A GREAT DEAL OF SUFFERING, MUCH VALUABLE TIME, AND ENDLESS AMOUNT OF EXPENSE, AND IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR HEALTH, CURE YOUR COUGH, BY USING

HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR!

—IT WILL CURE—
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, CHRONIC CATARRHS, SORE THROAT, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

How many persons old and young who suffer from a "Pain in the Breast," "Sore Throat," or a "Slight Cough," are aware of the importance of attending to them in the first stage; they live on from day to day, regarding them of little or no consequence, and without reflecting for a moment on the fatal termination of such diseases if neglected at the commencement. All those who have been neglecting their Cough or Cold, or been tampering with them by using some useless quack preparation, should procure at once a bottle of the above Syrup. It is recommended by some of the most eminent physicians in the country, and by thousands of persons who have used it and obtained a CURE when everything else had failed to give relief.

PRICE, 50 CTS. LARGE BOTTLES, $1. SMALL, 25c.

Prepared only by
RUSSELL & NEWBOURG,
PHILADELPHIA.
AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Jan. 5-1y

J. P. DOUGHTEN,
DEALER IN
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!
Constantly in receipt of
ALL THE NEW AND EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS!
SPECIALITIES IN
Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,
AND MANUFACTURER OF THE
Celebrated PARAGON SHIRT,
No. 410 MARKET ST.,
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Miss ADDIE HAZZARD!
TEACHER OF
Instrumental Music,
Is now ready to receive Pupils and give them careful instruction.
☞ TERMS, $10 PER QUARTER.
Rooms at residence of Mrs. Morton on Green street. sept8-tf

LUKE—COLORADO PARK, 1873.

BY BRET HART.

Wot's that you're readin'?—a novel? A novel—well, darn my skin!
You a man grown and bearded, and histin' such stuff ez that in—
Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife,
Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here,
They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who came up last year
On account of his lungs and the mountains, and the balsam o' pine and fir;
And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and night,
Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a ghost, all white;
She was only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away
Ez rifle-smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin' o' gals—d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill,
A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Matlingby's mill?
You do? Well, now, that's a gal! What, you saw her? O, come now, thar quit!
She was only bedev'lin you boys, for to me she don't cotton one bit.

But what was I talkin' of? O! the Jedge and his daughter—she read
Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them abed,
And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat,
And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady Blanche' she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn that they read 'bout a chap,
"Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter chock full o' the greenest o' sap;
And they asked me to hear; but I says:—
"Miss Mabel, not any for me;
When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow or other she always was sayin' I brought her to mind
Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin' helike of thet kind,
And thar warn't no end o' the names that she gave me that summer up here,
"Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy"—O, I tell you, the critter was queer.

And yet ef she hadn't been spiled she war harmless enough in her way;
She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said thet she knew how to play,
And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the man doesn't live ez kin use,
And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle an Injin's pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away,
And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothing to say;
And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a book,
And it warn't until she left that she gave me ez much ez a look.

An' this was the way it was. It was night when I kem up here
To say to 'em all good by, for I reckoned to go for deer
At sun-up the day they left, so I shook 'em all by the hand,
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they gave me to understand.

But just ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one,
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the sun;
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a mantle o' lace—
And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked at me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin' like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife
When it gave me a look like that—well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-by
To you in your own house, Luke—these woods and the bright blue sky!
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still
As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away—
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.
And you'll sometimes think of me, Luke, as you know you once used to say,
As rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a sudden she tottered and fell,
And I caught her by the waist, and held her a minit well—
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay
Ez a snowflake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone. . . . And thar are her books; but I says not any for me,
Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.
They spiled a decent gal ez might have made some chap a wife;
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

MISS BRITMAN'S LESSON.

"One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!"

It was dreary and monotonous enough, sitting all day in that cheerless room beside the tuneless piano, giving lessons to dull children, and Margaret Britman heaved a sigh of relief as the last pupil departed. After sitting still for a few minutes, just to realize that her work for the day was over, she stood up, closed the piano, put away the ragged music, and busied herself tidying the room. It was little any one could do to make the gloomy apartment bright or cheery, but what little lay in her power Miss Britman did against the coming home of Dot.

The round table was pulled in front of the fire and the frugal tea set out with a good deal of show and very little substance. Miss Britman knew how to make the most of the solitary [illegible] Dot enjoyed so, and the tin [illegible] and chicken stood like an [illegible] ocean of china plate. The [illegible] teapot was hidden under a cosy crewel, embroidered in the highest of art patterns, the spoons and forks were silver in the last stage of attenuation, and the cloth, though white and fine, was darned out of all identity of the original pattern. The few bright little water-colors on the walls but made the darkness of the drab paper more visible, and no arrangement of the scanty furniture could disguise the fact that the walls were hopelessly crooked; still, in spite of disadvantages, there was something about the little room that struck one on first entering. Perhaps it was the air of refinement struggling with the aggressive poverty; perhaps it was the pale, patient face of Margaret Britman, with its frame of prematurely gray hair and meek, sorrowful eyes. Very slowly she moved about, for she was weary, and her thoughts were heavy, for she was anxious about Dot. She had been out as a daily governess for a whole year, but her salary was small, and her wants seemed to increase out of all proportion to her earnings. Boots and gloves wore out, hats and gowns got shabby in a frightfully short time; and Miss Britman felt that she could not relax a single effort or spare herself a single monotonous lesson, for Dot's wants had to be supplied somehow. Just at 5 o'clock she came up the stairs, singing lightly:

"She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat."

"She wouldn't look sweet if she had to be out in such ghastly weather as this, would she, auntie, darling?" and Dot kissed Miss Britman energetically on both cheeks. "There! what a heartless thing I am, to come near you, all dank and foggy. My hair is perfectly limp," and she pushed back a mass of golden waves from her forehead.

"Take off your things, dear, and have some hot tea. Here are your slippers, all nice and warm."

"Thanks, dearie. Oh! it is nice to get indoors, if you could only imagine what it's like outside, auntie; streets three inches deep in liquid glue, fog thick enough to drive a nail in and hang your ulster on——"

"Dot!" Miss Britman interposed, mildly.

"Fact, auntie. I was really bewildered at Regent Circus, and had to throw myself on the mercy of a policeman; then an obsequious young man followed me all down Oxford street, and kept bobbing his umbrella against mine."

"Oh! my darling, that you should have to endure such things!" Miss Britman cried, and her slender white fingers were interlocked nervously.—"Oh, that I could spare you, Dorothy."

"Never mind, auntie dear; it doesn't worry me in the least. Besides, I think—but wait a minute till I put away the tea things and turn down the gas."—And, having done so, Dot sat down on the rug, and laid her head on her aunt's lap. "I've got something to tell you, auntie."

"Yes, darling," Miss Britman said, after waiting a few minutes, for Dot was in no great hurry to begin.

"Aunt Margaret, did it never strike you that some day or other I might have a lover?" she said, slowly.

"Dorothy, Dorothy, I never thought of that!" Miss Britman cried. "Darling, I can't give you to any one; you are all I have in the world."

"Let me tell you about it first, auntie," Dot said, gravely. "It came about in the simplest way—so simple that I hardly know how or when it began. It seems now as if Mr. Ferris always came into the schoolroom, but I never thought much about it till to-day, when he looked at me so strangely, and held my hand ever such a time; then he said, 'Miss Derwent, I want to have a little serious conversation with you. May I call on you at home?" Of course I said I should be very pleased, only I was never there in the daytime. 'Then may I call in your absence?' he said, 'and speak to your father?' I told him I had no one but you, auntie, and he seemed surprised for a moment; then he said he'd call on you to-morrow. I suppose he wants to ask your permission to—to marry me. What else can he want, auntie?"

"What, indeed!" Miss Britman said, a little absently. "Tell me a little more about this Mr. Ferris, darling."

"There's not much to tell, auntie. He's Mrs. Carnforth's brother, and has been in California ever so long—twenty years, I believe. He's very rich and very kind, and—that's all, auntie.—Just think of my marrying a rich man," Dot continued, reflectively, "and having servants, carriages, lovely dresses, everything! It seems just like a fairy tale."

"But, Dot," Miss Britman said, after a long silence, "my dear little one, do you love this Mr. Ferris?"

"Love him, auntie? I don't know. I haven't thought much about that yet; but, if he's nice and kind and rich, don't you think we might be very happy? I do so want you to have lots of pretty things—soft, dull satin, seal-skin mantle, real lace. Oh, dear! it would be so nice! You'd look sweet in a seal coat, auntie."

Miss Britman sighed gently. The time had long gone by when dress had any charms for her—if, indeed, it ever had—and Dot's visions only made her more sad. Clearly, the child was slipping away from her. For eighteen years she had cherished her, and now the first person who passed by and saw her fresh, fair young beauty, might bear her away. It was all just and natural—palpably and practically for Dot's good—still, it was bitterly hard; and Miss Britman sat by the dying fire thinking it all over, and weeping in her unobtrusive way, long after the child had laid her sunny head on her pillow and fallen asleep. Far away in the past Miss Britman's thoughts wandered to a hushed and darkened chamber, where she bent down to catch the last faint, fluttering accents of one who was lingering on the threshold of eternity.

"My child, Maggie,—my poor baby—my almost-as-helpless husband—you will not forsake them? Promise me, Maggie, that you will take care of them."

And Margaret Britman kissed her dying sister's face and promised. All the remembrance of the dreary, dreadful days that followed rushed upon her—Dot a helpless infant, her father stricken with blindness, both dependent on Maggie. Then in the midst of it all came a still greater trial. The gentleman Margaret was engaged to was offered a lucrative appointment in California, and he wished her to go with him. They had been engaged for three years, and now there was nothing further to wait for. Here was a divided duty. Margaret loved the man she had promised to marry; but how could she forsake the helpless baby and its equally helpless father? How could she keep her promise to her dead sister if she went to California?

Her lover left her in anger. "A divided love such as hers was not worth having," he said.

"But they are so helpless," she pleaded. "Only let me stay with them a little while."

"You may stay with them forever for me," was the angry reply; and the next day came a little packet of letters and a lock of golden hair, and Margaret Britman's romance was hidden out of sight forever.

A few years, and Robert Derwent died, leaving nothing but difficulties behind him. Miss Britman took a lodging in a distant part of the city, and toiled for the child for long, weary years, late and early, through trials that would have overwhelmed a less resolute and devoted woman; she toiled on to give her niece a good education, and enable her to earn her own bread when she should be called away. And now here was someone stepping in—Philip Ferris returned from California—Philip Ferris, who had said farewell to her in anger eighteen years before—the one love and lover of her life was coming to see her next day to ask for the child, the motherless baby who had so unwittingly separated them eighteen years before. It certainly was passing strange.

The next day was gray and gloomy, fog over head, damp under foot, cold everywhere, but Dot was in high spirits, in spite of the atmosphere.

"I dare say Mr. Ferris will be shocked at seeing what a hideous house and street we live in, auntie. I can imagine him saying, 'What a distinctly dreadful place!' In truth, I sha'n't be sorry to leave Berry street. Now, good bye, dear. Be very gracious to Mr. Ferris; and, oh, auntie darling, I do hope you'll like him, because, you know, we've got to live with him, perhaps."

"Dot, my love, do you really think you like this gentleman well enough to marry him? He's old enough to be your father."

"So he is, auntie, dear; but that don't matter much if he's nice and kind and ever so rich—and he is."

Nice and kind and ever so rich. That was Dot's idea of a husband, and her aunt felt sad and sorry and some way disappointed; she did not know where the child had got such ideas. And then came the awful thought of losing her, for she remembered what Mr. Ferris had said about a divided love. She would have but a small place in Dot's new home and new life.

Never did a day seem so long to Miss Britman. She had put on her best black dress in the morning, and taken a little extra care with the arrangement of her still abundant hair; that was all the external preparation she had made for the visit, but her heart throbbed wildly at every ring of the bell or step on the stairs. But the morning passed—3, 4 o'clock, and she breathed more freely; perhaps he wouldn't come that day; perhaps he wouldn't come at all. So she went on more patiently with her pupil, a dull, tiresome child.

"One, two, three, four," she repeated over and over again. She did not hear a step on the stair, nor a gentle tap at the door, did not observe it open; and when she looked up Philip Ferris stood beside her. For a moment her brain reeled, and she had to hold on to the chair back to steady herself. Then she held out her hand in welcome.

"You may go now, my dear, and I'll give you the remainder of your lesson to-morrow," she said gently; and the child wriggled off the stool and departed joyfully.

"Margaret!" That was all he said when they were alone, with one hand holding one of hers, and the other on her shoulder. "Margaret!"

"You have come to speak to me about—about Dorothy," she faltered, feeling all the color forsake her face.

"No; I have come to speak about myself and you—to ask you to forgive me, if you can; to ask you to let me make atonement for my cruelty and folly; to ask you if it is too late for us to be happy even now. Dear, I learned only yesterday how true and loyal you had been; I fancied I alone was faithful. Can you, will you forgive me, Margaret?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Philip."

"Then it is not too late. We may be happy still."

"But Dorothy?" Miss Britman said, faintly.

"Dorothy knows. It was her resemblance to you that first attracted me. But the child must not come between us and our happiness a second time, and we will both take care of her. I think she will be better pleased to have me for an uncle than a husband."

"But, Philip, she thought——"

"Yes, dear, but now she understands. Margaret, you belong to me, and you must be obedient; so prepare to leave Berry street to-morrow."

"But my pupils, Philip?"

"Dear, I will arrange all that. My brave, patient Maggie, you have given your last lesson."

ONCE IN A THOUSAND YEARS.—"Father," began a Cass avenue lad the other night, "is Mr. T. a good man?" "Yes, my son. I regard him as one of the best men in Michigan." "Do you believe he would lie?" "What, young man, are you crazy?" Why, sir, Mr. T. would not tell a lie for all the gold on earth. What makes you ask that question?" "Why, when a man says he saw a spring robin on the fifteenth day of February what do you call it?" "Did he say he saw one?" "He did." "Are you sure?" "Oh! I heard him tell three different men so. Didn't he lie, father?" "N-n-o, I think not," mused the father: "but let it be a great moral lesson to you all the same. It isn't once in a thousand years that a robin comes up here from Tennessee at that date and exhibits himself to a single citizen and returns on the afternoon express!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Written for the Middletown Transcript.

THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

Although Benjamin Franklin had the most sanguine hopes of the success of the Philadelphia Library, yet if he could but see the flourishing condition of that institution at the presnt day he would find his fondest hopes more than realized. From the hundred volumes deposited by the "Junto Club" in Robert Grace's house, as a nucleus, there has sprung a collection of two hundred thousand; two-thirds of which are in the Philadelphia Library proper, and the remainder are in the Ridgway branch. Not only does the library possess many rare and valuable books, but it owns many interesting relics of the old Colonial and Revolutionary periods.

After having been located in Robert Grace's house, in the State House, Carpenter's Hall, and at Fifth and Library streets, the company took possession of the commodious building at the corner of Locust and Juniper streets. The building is of brick with brown stone trimmings; the rooms are high and well lighted, and are in every way well adapted to the wants of the many visitors and readers.

In a niche on the Locust street front is a marble statue of Franklin, and as the visitor ascends the steps he can almost imagine that the spirit of the printer, philosopher and patriot is keeping watch over his pet project.

Inside the doorway of the reading-room is an old lantern bearing the date 1731, and I have been informed that it was first used in that year. Beside the librarian's desk is another old relic in the shape of a request box, with a lion's head on it, and contains the following inscription: "Gentlemen are requested to drop into the lion's mouth the titles of such books as they wish to have imported." This box has been in use for over a century and a half, and looks able to stand the wear and tear of another century.

The main room, or reading-room, is a most delightful resort for the literati. Here can be found many of the human race who are designated by the ignominious title of "book-worms." Chairs and tables are in various places, so as to enable readers to copy notes and extracts from such books as they desire. Seated at one of these was a diligent school teacher hunting an answer to a perplexing question that had been asked her by some inquisitive scholar, and not wishing to betray her ignorance, she has kindly promised to answer the question to-morrow. Meanwhile she "looks it up," and thus benefits herself and pupil. At another was an old man well advanced on life's journey and who was looking over old almanacs and records in order to find the date of some event over which he and his crony have been arguing. Here also can be found the newspaper men and book makers doing precisely what Washington Irving saw them doing in the library of the British Museum. They were "catching up" the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete authors, and casting them forth again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of the works undergo a kind of metempsychosis and spring up under new forms. What was a ponderous history revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays.

Among the many relics distributed about the building there may be mentioned a clock which belonged to Oliver Cromwell and which was presented to the library by a Mr. Hudson, an ancestor of whom purchased it in England, where the seller vouched that it had belonged to the stern Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England.—There is also a clock that belonged to William Penn and one which belonged to Benjamin Franklin. Distributed in various parts of the building are busts and portraits of many of the persons who have distinguished themselves in the world of letters and arts. Conspicuous among these is a bust of Franklin. The Philadelphia Library cannot do too much to cherish the memory of that indefatigable worker and thinker whose sagacity founded the library and placed it upon that sound basis which it has maintained for over a century and a half.

The Ridgway branch of the Philadelphia Library is situated at Broad and Christian streets. It is built of granite and in a style of architecture modelled after the Parthenon. Its remoteness from the center of the city is a great disadvantage, and there are frequently days when only three or four persons visit it. Its situation was designated by Doctor James Rush, who married Miss Phœbe Ann Ridgway, a daughter of Jacob Ridgway, at one time consul at Antwerp. It is related that Stephen Girard and Ridgway were competitors in the same line of business. One day they were quarreling about the "one trampling on the other's toes" in a business transaction, and old Ridgway passionately cried: "Girard! I can buy thee and sell thee." "Ah!" retorted the benevolent Stephen; "Friend Ridgway, I can buy thee and *keep* thee."

After the death of his wife, Doctor Rush wished to erect some noble monument to her memory, so he bequeathed her entire fortune to the erection of the library, which was to be called after her maiden name. But the benevolent old doctor made a sad mistake in locating the library. It would have been far better had he left its situation to the discretion of a committee, who would have placed it in a locality where it would have been the most useful. In a small room, separated from the reading room by a glass partition, repose the remains of Doctor Rush and his wife. The light breaking through a stained glass window throws red and azure hues upon tne plain marble slab and enables you to read the following inscription:—

Sacred
To the memory of
MRS. PHŒBE ANN RUSH,
Daughter of
JACOB AND REBECCA RIDGWAY,
And wife of
JAMES RUSH, M. D.,
Born, December 3d, A. D. 1799;
Died, October 23d, A. D., 1857;
And of
JAMES RUSH, M. D.,
Third son of
DR. BENJAMIN AND JULIA (*nee* STOCKTON) RUSH,
Born, March 15th, A. D., 1789;
Died, May 26th, A. D., 1869.

There is one room called the memorial room, and which contains a suite of parlor furniture, some fine Italian sculpture, rare old paintings, and Doctor Rush's favorite books. This room is not open to visitors, and they have to content themselves with looking at the treasures through a glass door, and even this is enough to make them almost imagine that they have had a glance at a Prince's drawing-room.

In the center of the reading-room is a case of rare and antique books.—Among them is a Burmese book of charms, an illuminated choir book of the fourteenth century, from the monastery of Vallombrosia, Florence; Washington's dictionary, Elliott's Indian bible, printed in Cambridge in 1663, and of which there are but few copies extant; an Abysinnian prayer book, an Arabic prayer book and many other volumes, most of which are printed on vellum.

The Logonian Library is also situated in this building. Hon. James Logan, a friend of Penn's and Franklin's, left his valuable library to the citizens of Philadelphia. It was kept in a building at Sixth and Locust streets for many years, until the completion of the Ridgway Library, when the collection was moved to quarters provided for it in that building.

The rules adopted by the Philadelphia Library Company are the same as those proposed by Franklin. Any person can borrow a book from the library by depositing its value and a small sum for its use; but any one can visit the library during the day and consult any book gratis. And thus the city of Philadelphia has some valuable material in it besides merchandise, houses, and lamps; and, while many do not avail themselves of the privileges afforded by these libraries, yet many look upon them with a feeling akin to reverence on the account of the valuable benefit they have derived from them.

LORENZ.

THE TEXAS SCORPION.

The scorpion, or stinging lizard, as the insect is familiarly called, lives in Southern climes, where he can be found in a boot, for instance, immediately after the man has put his foot in it. He, the scorp, is only one and a half inches long, and half his length is composed of a six-jointed tail, in the end of which there is a sting, with which he makes himself talked about. After he has driven that sting a few hundred yards into a victim, it is surprising how much that man has to say about scorpions in general, and that particular — — — — of a scorpion in particular, and how fluently he says it. It is hard to believe the effort is impromptu, but it is.

You might hold a dozen post mortem examinations on as many scorpions, and never suspet that the insect is a *pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan* of the genus *scorpio*. To satisfy yourself on that point, you must examine the scorpion in Webster's illustrated unabridged, where it is also stated that the sting of the scorpion is painful. To become persuaded of this latter fact, however, you need only examine the live specimen that is not in the dictionary. The harsh language Webster uses when he calls the insect a *pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan* suggests that possibly Webster is trying to get even with the whole species for the act of a single specimen.

The Texas scorpion does not seem to have any steady occupation, but spends most of his time loafing about old ruins waiting for somebody to tread on the tail of his coat. He is not unsociable, for, like the house fly, he will climb right into bed with a perfect stranger. On the slightest provocation, he will curl his tail over his back like a bench-legged fice. He is very easy on the trigger. One joint of the scorpion's tail has as much lifting power in it as a seven power horse engine. It has been known to raise a two hundred pound man right up off the ground at one effort and a picnic.

It has never been ascertained precisely what the scorpion lives on. Perhaps he is sustained by the consciousness of knowing that he is a *pedipalpous pulmonary arachnidan*. We have known some people with high-sounding titles whose mode of making both ends meet was a profound mystery to the general public. Nobody ever has been known to die from the rebuke of a scorpion, but that they cause a species of madness will not be denied by anybody who has listened to the language of a man who has been stung. If the sufferer is not mad for the time, he talks as if he was.—*Texas Siftings.*

A LADY ADVERTISES that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve foot square." Another has "a cheap and desirable suit of rooms for a respectable family in good repair." Still another has "a hall bedroom for a single woman 8 by 12."

AN ORGANIST in a church at Providence, R. I., relieved the monotony of waiting for a belated bridal party by playing, "Oh, dear! what can the matter be?"

HE STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON.

WHY GEO. W. TILLERTON'S DAUGHTER CLAIMS A REWARD OF $1,000.

The Franklin *Register* has discovered who struck Billy Patterson. Mr. Patterson, the father of Madame Bonaparte, was a wealthy Baltimorean.—Upon one occasion, while Mr. Patterson was in Franklin looking after his property, a general row occurred among the boys, in which he became involved. In the confusion, indeed, some one struck Mr. Patterson a tremendous blow and this so angered him that he walked through the crowd, inquiring in stentorian tones, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Patterson was a large and powerful man and, under the circumstances, no one among the fighters appeared desirious of holding himself responsible. The inquiry passed into a by-word and even to this day the inquiry can be heard, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The original Billy pursued the inquiry with astonishing vigor, but without avail, and at his death, curiously enough, inserted a clause in his will setting apart $1,000 to be paid to the person who should give to his heirs or executors the name of the man who struck him. The fight in which Billy Patterson was struck occurred in 1783, and it is passing strange that just 100 years after a claim should be put in for the reward. And yet a correspondent of the *Register* says that such is the case. A Mrs. Jennie G. Covely, of Athol, N. Y., daughter of George W. Tillerton, has written to the ordinary of Franklin county, claiming this legacy of $1,000. She states that she is an invalid, aged and infirm, and in great need of the money. In 1783 her father was quite a young man, and being in great fear of Mr. Patterson fled the country at once and never heard of the reward or legacy. She says she has often heard her father speak of the fight and the blow he gave Mr. Patterson, and the fierce anger of the latter. The thumb of Tillerton's hand was dislocated by the blow and was so severely injured that it remained a useless member to the day of his death. As the facts she gives correspond so exactly with the facts of the case, the correspondent presumes that Mrs. Covely will receive the legacy without delay. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE MEANING OF "MASHER."

A great deal of time is misspent at present in conjectures as to the origin of the familiar slang word "masher." As usual in questions of philology the inquiry is being pursued through a maze of words instead of by studying the characteristics of the object named. The manner and actions of the being called a "masher" show conclusively how the word originated. It was not derived from the French *ma chere* or *mon cher*—"my dear," because the masher never possesses qualities that make him dear to any one but his tailor or landlady. Nor can the word be traced to the Italian *maschera*, which signifies a mask, for the masher is never wise enough to mask his purpose; the Italian *massajo* is equally unsatisfactory for one of its meanings is a good husband, which no masher was ever known to be. The German *masche*, a mesh, does not answer the purpose, for the masher is mentally as unequal to the use of meshes as of masks. The Spanish *machaca* seems at first sight to throw a little light on the subject, for it signifies a bore, which the masher always is to members of his own sex. The Portuguese *mascarra* comes nearer the truth, for it signifies a disgrace or a suspicion of infamy. The real derivation of the word, however, as indicated by the masher himself, is from the vigorous old English word "mash," which means to bruise or crush. Some varieties of men accomplish their purposes, good or bad, by methods that imply the possessions of brains, but the masher succeeds otherwise. Hence his distinctive title.—*New York Herald.*

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG SOUTHERNERS.—Senator Brown, of Georgia, has sent a letter to a young man in Atlanta in which he says: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the present which you send me of a pair of gaiters, I suppose they are called, made with your own hands. You state that you are 17 years of age, and that they are made by yourself; I trust that this speaks well for your future. If many thousands of the youth of the Southern country would engage in useful pursuits of that and like character instead of passing a great deal of their time in idleness, as some do, the country would be in a better condition. Always recollect that all labor that is useful is honorable. In whatever position a young man is placed, if he has power, by his labor, to make himself useful and respected, and I delight to see the young men of Georgia laying aside all false pride on this subject and going to work manfully to make a good living and make themselves useful citizens."

THE late fright of France at the manifesto of Prince Napoleon recalls to a foreign writer a story about Mlle. Rachel, the great *tragedienne*. One night in 1848 the lady was in the green-room of the Theatre Francais, previous to going on the stage to recite the "Marseillaise." Attired as a Republic, with a Phrygian bonnet, and carrying a tricolor standard, she paced the floor, rehearsing in a terrible voice fragments of Rouget de L'Isle's hymn, "Aux armes, citoyens," etc. But suddenly she uttered a piercing scream, dropped her flag, and threw herself into the arms of the actor Regnier. She had seen a mouse.

THE fat man is always ready to give himself a weigh.—*Nat. Burbank.*

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

After lying in a foreign grave for thirty-one years, the dust of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," is brought home at last, and the feeling with which the incident is regarded was well expressed by a poet of kindred impulse in a recent number of the *Weekly*. Mr. Duyckinck gives a very interesting sketch of Payne in the *Cyclopœdia of American Literature*, taken in great part from a paper of his friend, Theodore S. Fay.

Payne was born in New York in 1792, but his father went immediately afterward to Boston, where at a very early age the boy's talent for literature and the theatre appeared. Returning to New York, he was a clerk in a counting-room and a student at Union College, always with the same tastes, until in his sixteenth year, in 1809, he appeared at the old Park Theatre in New York as Young Norval. He was a successful actor, and by the advice of Cooke, Payne went to London in 1813. In England and France, with varying fortune, as actor, manager and playwright, he remained for nearly twenty years. His *Brutus* was brought out by Kean with great success in 1818. And when Charles Kembler became manager of Covent Garden, and applied to Payne for aid, Payne offered him a collection of MSS. for £230. The £30 was the sum asked for *Clari; or, the Maid of Milan*. Kemble bought them all. Payne turned *Clari* into an opera. Miss M. Tree, the older sister of Ellen Tree, took the chief part, and sang, for the first time, "Home Sweet Home." The play was enormously successful. Miss Tree made "a great match," and everybody made money except Payne, who lost not only the £25 which was to have been paid for copyright on the twentieth night, but he was not even complimented with a copy of his song. He wrote *Charles 11.*, another very successful play. But still fortune refused to smile, and in 1832 he came home.

Here he had various projects, but nothing prospered. He went as consul to Tunis, then returned, and vainly sought a more congenial place, finally going back to Tunis as consul, where he died and was buried in April, 1852. There his body has rested quietly, not in a "neglected spot," but in a garden of roses and carnations and heliotropes and violets. There, too, he was kindly regarded by Europeans and the native inhabitants. On the fifth of January his coffin was disinterred, and, as a letter in the *Tribune* states, it was carried, attended by his old Arab dragoman and a few personal friends, to the little Protestant church where the window is inscribed with his name. As the coffin was brought in an Englishman at the organ softly played "Sweet Home," which an American lady sweetly sang, and then it was left alone through the night watched by the dragoman, and in the morning it was placed upon a French steamer, which sailed for Marseilles. At Marseilles it was transferred to a steamer for New York. The name of Payne will live in the heart of every generation by the pathetic tenderness of a single song.—*Harpers Weekly.*

THE LEDGER EDITORIAL ROOMS.—A recent issue of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* describes the rooms which Mr. G. W. Childs, proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, has fitted up for his city editor and reporters at an outlay of some five thousand dollars. City-Editor McWade will make his assignments while sitting in a rocking-chair which is described as a wonder of ease and elegance, before a desk especially designed for him. His feet will rest on an Axminster carpet of beautiful design and the light from without will be subdued by curtains of old-gold fabric suspended by brass rings from bars of beaten copper. He will be separated from his reporters by a partition of stained glass set in lead, the beauty of which is said to surpass everything of its kind that has been seen in Philadelphia before. The reporters will prepare their copy at the walnut desks under costly brass chandeliers filled with both gas and electric burners. On the floor of walnut and ash are heavy Turkish rugs. The wall-paper of both rooms is rich and costly. The rooms are said to be the finest of their kind in the world.

LIVE STOCK STATISTICS for the chief producing countries of the world have been collected and compared by an English newspaper, from which it appears that the United States stands first with the two most important articles of flesh food—cattle and hogs—and that she is second in horses, and fourth in sheep, but that, with regard to the latter two items, she is making rapid strides to a higher position. These statistics credit the United States with 38,000,000 cattle, India with 30,000,000, and Russia with 20,000,000. Further, it is shown that Russia has 20,000,000 horses, the United States 10,500,000, and Austria 3,500,000. Austrialia possesses 80,000,000 sheep, the Argentine Republic 68,000,000 and Russia 63,000,000. The United States—fourth in this list—has 36,000,000, but in the matter of swine she heads the world, having 48,000,000. Of goats, India is credited with no less than 20,000,000, Africa with 15,000,000 and Mexico with 6,000,000.

It softens the horror of a hotel fire, to read that the landlord's remains have not yet been found.—*Full River Advance.*

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

TOWNSLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE cures instantly.

The Transcript

W. SCOTT WAY, Editor & Proprietor.

$2 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention. Address all communications to the Proprietor.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAR. 9, 1883.

HEREAFTER the poor crow in Sussex county is to be a wanderer with a price set upon his head.

EX-SENATOR DAVID DAVIS has chartered a special Pullman palace car and gone south to be married to the girl of his choice.

JAMES S. BOYNTON was inaugurated Governor of Georgia on Monday. The funeral of the late Governor Stephens took place yesterday.

IT IS to be hoped that the Speaker's chair of the House of Representatives at Washington will never be disgraced by a second edition of Keifer.

IN THE next United States House of Representatives there will be 192 Democrats, 127 Republicans and Readjusters, four Independents and two Greenbackers.

NOW that Congress has adjourned we ought to have a day of thanksgiving. But maybe it will be better to wait until the State law-makers come home, and then have one job of our thanksgiving.

ONE ball from a pistol fired in Paris, Texas, killed a merchant and a bootblack, and wounded a traveling drummer. It is next to impossible to shoot a merchant without striking a traveling drummer.

ONLY about half of the nine thousand newspapers printed in the United States have announced that "Wiggins' storm is postponed on account of the weather," but the returns are not near all in yet. It is hardly safe to use it now as an original remark.

THERE is one Wilmington butcher who will not hereafter keep his money under his mattress. Some folks believe that money hid under a mattress or pillow, or in a bureau drawer, is as secure as in a bank, until a thief comes in and convinces them of their mistake.

AMONG Speaker Keifer's last official acts was one compelling the resignation of a House stenographer in order to give his nephew a nice easy place in which he will have nothing to do but draw the salary of the office until the meeting of the new Congress in December.

JAY GOULD'S new pleasure yacht Atlanta will be launched from Cramp's shipyard at Philadelphia in a few days. The yacht is a beauty and will cost $250,000. Jay will take a trip around the world in his yacht, because he is anxious to know just what sort of world it is before deciding to buy it.

A NEW DESIGN is preparing for the two-cent letter stamp which will, after October first, take the place of the three-cent stamp. It is to be hoped that the new stamp will be a more attractive one than the two-cent stamp now in use, but if it only sticks well it may be ugly enough to please the most ultra æsthete, and other folks will not care a button.

SECRETARY FOLGER has ordered that the word "cents" be added to the new five-cent piece, and now we may rid our minds of the fear that wicked people will have the new coins gilded and persuade us that they are a late style of five-dollar piece. It is well to head off the wicked by every possible means and thus protect the guiless folks, and Secretary Folger in ordering "cents" on the new coin has done a sensible thing. No one can imagine why the word was omitted from the design in the first place.

THE STORY of Jesse Williams and his $7,000 in gold has rather an improbable appearance, and yet Jesse tells it as though he was in dead earnest. His account of his wanderings with his grip sack and the manner in which he lost it does not bear the stamp of improbability, but the reader will be slow to believe that a man would be fool enough to carry $7,000 in gold around the country and leave it in the care of a stranger in a railway station. For the information of those who are not in the habit of carrying $7,000 in gold about in a grip sack, we will say that that amount of gold weighs about thirty-five pounds.

A MOVEMENT to give New Castle county increased representation has at last been made in the right way. The plan of increase by direct legislative enactment should have long ago been abandoned as impracticable. The bill referred to on our local page provides for an increase of five Representatives by constitutional amendment. The Senate is to be increased to twelve—four from each county. Wilmington is to have five of the Representatives and two Senators, and is to choose them by her own votes alone. The plan seems to be an excellent one and ought to be satisfactory to both Wilmington and the rural hundreds. From all we can learn this bill is approved by our New Castle Representatives and is unobjectionable to Kent and Sussex.

THE Maine Legislature has passed the bill restoring the death penalty for murder and it now goes to the Governor for his approval or disapproval. Maine is thoroughly satisfied, probably, that the only certain way to reform a murderer is to hang him. Many plans of disposing of murderers have been suggested by long-haired philanthropists, and there are no doubt tender hearted folks in the world to-day who, if they had their way, would give every murderer a house and lot and a new suit of clothes, and set him to teaching a Sunday school class. But, after all, the old style of reforming men who kill with "malice aforethought" seems better than all others that have been suggested. It no doubt hurts a murderer a little to reform him by that plan, but only while he is being reformed. And when he is reformed in that way there is never any more trouble with him.

THE bill directing the Levy Court of of this county to repay B. Frank Townsend and others certain moneys subscribed by them to build the Third Street bridge, at Wilmington, is a very sick child now. Two of the daily newspapers of Wilmington have done good work in ripping it open so that the people could have an inside view of it before it reached the Senate. It has been shown that the contributions were voluntary, and that those who made them did not expect at that time to be repaid. Mr. Townsend and others wanted a bridge because they believed it would benefit their respective properties, and they were benefited as they had expected. The bill went through the House last week and then New Castle county people began to think about it. The Levy Court went to Dover this week to protest against the bill, and the newspapers have shed all necessary light upon it. If it gets one vote in the Senate we shall be surprised. Our Representative from St. Georges hundred is one of the very few who opposed the bill in the House.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Governor of Georgia and ex-Vice President of the Southern Confederacy, died in Atlanta on Sunday morning. He was born in Taliaferro county, Georgia, in 1812, graduated at Franklin College in 1832 and admitted to the bar in 1834. At first he had a hard struggle with poverty but soon built up a large and lucrative practice. He was elected to the lower House of the Georgia Assembly for five successive terms, and afterwards served in the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected as a Whig to Congress and held his seat till 1859. After the breaking up of the Whig party he acted with the Democrats. During the Presidential canvass of 1860 he sustained Douglas and denounced those who advocated a dissolution of the Union in case of Lincoln's election, and made a speech before the Legislature of Georgia against secession. In the secession convention at Milledgeville he spoke and voted against the secession ordinance. But he "went out" with his State.—He was a member of the Southern Congress which met in Montgomery, and was elected Vice President of the Confederacy. He frequently differed from the policy of the Richmond government, especially on the subject of martial law. After Lee's surrender Mr. Stephens returned to his home in Crawfordsville, where he was arrested in May 1865 and sent to Fort Warren in Boston harbor. In October he was released on parole. He favored the restoration policy of President Johnson. In 1866 he was elected to the United States Senate but was not permitted to take his seat. In 1872 he was elected to Congress and again in 1874 almost without opposition. Although Mr. Stephens died in advanced years, he was afflicted from childhood with feebleness and disease but he had splendid resolution. His popularity in Georgia was great to the last.

Close of the Session.

The last session of the Forty-seventh Congress expired Sunday at noon.—During its closing hours, George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, was elected President pro tempore of the Senate to succeed David Davis, resigned, Mr. Bayard receiving the compliment of the Democratic nomination. The Tax-Tariff bill was passed by the House, by a vote of 152 yeas to 116 nays. All the General Appropriation bills were passed, but the River and Harbor bill failed in the Senate. It was reported without recommendation by the Committee on Commerce, and smothered to death by the adoption of a motion to have it printed and laid on the table "until tomorrow." The Senate and House remained in continuous session, excepting short recesses, from Saturday night until the hour of adjournment on Sunday.

Effect of the Law Reducing Internal Revenue Taxation.

In reply to inquiries the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has said that the effect of the law reducing internal revenue taxation would be as follows: That the taxes upon the capital and deposits of banks and bankers and national banking asssociations are repealed from this date, except such taxes as are now due and payable; that the reduction of the tax upon checks, drafts, etc., and upon matches, perfumery, medicinal preparations and other articles, imposed by Schedule A, following Section 3,437, Revised Statutes, takes effect July 1, 1883. That after May 1, 1883, the tax on manufactured tobacco and snuff will be 8 cents per pound, on cigars $3 per thousand and on cigarettes 50 cents per thousand. That there will be a rebate on tobacco, snuff, cigars and cigarettes of the difference in the taxes recently imposed and the taxes as now provided for, where claims amount to $10. These claims must be presented within sixty days from May 1. Regulations upon this matter will be immediately issued and blanks will be furnished upon which claims can be made. That the law provides for a large reduction in the special taxes upon dealers, commencing May 1, 1883.

THE most important legislation of the whole Congressional session, that regarding revenue and tariff revision, was rushed through in the closing hours. The Protectionists of the House, dissatisfied with the tariff reductions of Senate Bill, had it sent to a conference committee so strongly in sympathy with their ideas, that most of the Democratic appointees refused to serve. This committee, as finally constituted, increased some of the rates, although it made no very material changes, and both branches accepted its report. Nobody, however, appears to be really satisfied with it. The total reduction in revenue from its changes, in both the internal and customs taxes, is estimated at $75,000,000.

THE residence of Mr. Simon Cronise, near New Market, Md., was totally destroyed by fire yesterday. Mrs. Cronise, who had made heroic attemps to save the children, perished in the flames with one of them, her escape being cut off by a deaf mute who blocked up the only avenue in his terror.

AFTER securely tying up the watchman of a Springfield (Mass.) jewelry store three adroit burglars broke open the safe and obtained $20,000 worth of diamonds and watches.

Legislative Notes.

MONDAY.

The House agreed to the joint resolution, adopted by the Senate last week, not to receive any new business of a private nature after March 25. The bill giving a bounty of five cents for each crow killed in Sussex county was passed.——In the Senate Mr. Cooper gave notice of a bill to allow the New Castle Board of Education to raise $6,000 by taxation, instead of $4,000.

TUESDAY.

The Senate bill in reference to contested elections was amended by striking out the clause making it retroactive and applicable to the New Castle county sheriffalty contest, and by stipulating that any elector contesting an election shall give security to cover costs of suit. The bill as amended was passed, Mr. Betts voting no.——In the House the bill abolishing whipping in cases of murder in the second degree and Mr. Lowe's bill for the protection of game were passed. Petitions were presented as follows: To pay the members of the New Castle Levy Court a regular salary instead of a *per diem;* asking that a constitutional convention be called, and praying that all railroads be compelled to cross public roads above or below grade, or to erect safety gates at such crossings.

WEDNESDAY.

In the Senate notice was given of a bill by Mr. Betts, authorizing the Levy Court of New Castle county to borrow $200,000 to complete the new almshouse and pay off the floating indebtedness of the Trustees of the Poor; prohibiting the Trustees of the Poor to borrow money and vesting title of unsold almshouse property in Wilmington in H. G. Banning, E. T. Bellah, J. L. Carpenter, Jr., William C. Lodge and Victor DuPont as trustees, to be sold within five years.——In the House the bills were passed divorcing James Tatman from his wife, Catherine C. Tatman; amending the charter of Middletown and providing for the vaccination of children in the public schools. Dr. Mustard introduced a bill touching scholarships in Delaware College. It provides for the appointment of one student from each hundred in the State on competitive examination, the rules for the same to be prescribed by the State Board of Education. The State is to pay for the instruction of all these students, who are to pledge themselves to teach in the public schools of the State for two years after graduation. The cost to the State for each pupil would be about $100 per annum.

THURSDAY.

In the Senate the bill to amend the charter of Middletown was introduced. The bill abolishing tax on lawyers and physicians was made a special order for Tuesday afternoon. The Senate bill amending the charter of New Castle was passed.——In the House Mr. Bates gave notice of an amendment to Article 6 of the Constitution, contemplating a change in the judiciary. A bill providing for a park in Wilmington was passed. Dr. Crawford gave notice in the House of a bill authorizing the Levy Court of New Castle county to borrow $200,000 at interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum, for the purpose of paying off the floating indebtedness of New Castle county.

Death of a Noted Scout.

Colonel Harry Gilmor, the noted Confederate scout, who during the war was conspicuous for his pluck and bravery in various cavalry expeditions, died on Sunday evening at his home near Baltimore, from a cancerous affection, with which he had been suffering for several weeks. He was forty-six years old. He recently submitted to two painful surgical operations, declining the use of opiates, but there was no beneficial result. His sufferings for the ten days previous to his death were of the most intense character. Notwithstanding this he was comparatively cheerful. His mind was unclouded, and only a few days before he died he conversed cheerfully with General Jubal A. Early, who called to see him. Governor Hamilton was among his visitors on Saturday, and many ex-Confederates called recently at his house. Colonel Gilmor was born at Baltimore, he was the son of Robert Gilmor, who held a diplomatic post under Mr. Reeves. Minister to Spain during the administration of President Monroe, and of Ellen Ward, daughter of Chief Judge Ward, of Wilmington, Del. He was educated by a private tutor from Harvard University and learned the trade of a machinist. At the breaking out of the war he espoused the Confederate cause and raised a band of dashing men who fought with bravery in many of the great battles of the war. He led many famous raids and operated extensively within the federal lines. He was present at the first battle of Gettysburg and distinguished himself by his reckless courage. He kept his band together until the early part of 1865, when he was captured by Major Young, one of Sheridan's scouts. Colonel Gilmor was buried with military honors. The members of the Maryland Line Society, Confederate State Society of Maryland, Fifth Maryland Regiment, Masons and Odd Fellows and other societies of which he was a member participated in the demonstration. Prominent merchants and bankers have united in an effort to raise a subscription of ten thousand dollars for the education of Colonel Gilmor's three orphan children, and it has nearly all been subscribed.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE:—The April number contains even more than the usual attractive features. The Rev. Moses D. Hoge contributes "What is Presbyterianism ?" being No. IV. of "Religious Denominations in the United States"; the editor, Dr. Talmage, has a characteristic article, "Mending the Bible"; Edwin De Leon continues those deeply interesting papers, "The American Pilgrim in Palestine," etc., etc. There are serial and short stories, a large number of very excellent sketches, some admirably written essays, a sermon by Dr. Talmage, "Homesickness," several poems of great merit; a record of important events, Personal Notes and Comments, Editorial Comments, Obituary Notices, etc. The miscellany is most comprehensive, entertaining and instructive; the number, in fact, overflows with good things, and abounds with illustrations. The price is only 25 cents a copy, or $3 a year, postpaid. Address, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, 53, 55, and 57 Park Place, New York.

"BUCHUPAIBA."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

AS A TRUE and efficient tonic, and one that excels all other iron medicines, take Brown's Iron Bitters.

FADED ARTICLES of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all druggists.

A ROMANTIC RAGGED $2 BANK BILL.—Many different stories are told about the prize which Underwood Fisher, of the Three Rivers House, drew in The Louisiana State Lottery. He stated the facts: Dec. 12th he sent $2, and received in return two-tenths ticket No 31,401. He put the ticket away, and thought no more of it until three days after the drawing, when he received a dispatch saying that his ticket had drawn $20,000, his share of which was $4,000. From M. A. Dauphin, Pres't of the L. S. L. Co., New Orleans, through the First National Bank, he received his $4,000. Little things make quite a difference. He had a $2 bill ragged, and he sent it for a ticket. The moral is, that you send for lottery tickets when you get a ragged two-dollar bill.—*From the Three Rivers (Mich.) Herald of January 13.*

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY ISAAC JONES, JR.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Amber,	1 18@0 00	Yellow,	56@60
Timothy Seed	3 50	White, "	55@57
Clover Seed, ₱ lb	@16c	Oats, - -	45@45

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

Eggs, ₱ doz.	00@18c	Chickens,	
Butter, ₱ lb	25@28c	Spring, ₱ lb	13@14
New Lard, "	12@13c	Turkeys, -	17@18
Potatoes, bas	00@50	Ducks, -	13@15
		Sausage, -	13@14

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Prime red,	1 20@1 24	Yellow, -	60@70
Timothy Seed,	3 50	White, -	60@70
Clover Seed, ₱ lb	13½ 15c	Oats (Delaware)	50@57

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

WHEAT—		CORN—	
Good to amb.	1 24@1 28	White, New,	63@68
OATS—		Yellow, "	63@68
Southern,	50@53	Rye, -	70@75

New Advertisements.

Annual Election.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Mutual Loan Association of Middletown, Del., will be held on March 20th, 1883, at 8 o'clock, P. M., at the office of the Secretary, for election of officers for the ensuing year. A. G. COX, Secretary.
Mch.2-2t

NOTICE.

MR. HARRY DAVIS has been admitted to an interest in our firm to date from February 1st, 1883.
Mch.9-3t S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.

BOARDING.

A FEW YOUNG MEN can be accommodated with Board and Lodging; also, a few Table Boarders will be taken.
Apply at Green and Church streets.
March.9-tf H. G. RILEY.

Auction Sale

—AT—

BENSON'S.

Saturday Night, March 10

FOR LADIES,

Wedn'y and Thursday Afternoon, March 14 and 15.

Everything to be Sold.

We have a very Large Stock of LACES AND LACE GOODS, FRINGES AND TRIMMINGS AT HALF PRICE.

☞ Goods Sold for less than Cost!

COME AND SEE US, WE WILL DO YOU GOOD.

BENJ. BENSON.

Public Sale!

The undersigned, intending to remove to Odessa, will expose at Public Sale, at his residence in McDonough,

On TUESDAY, March 20th, 1883,

At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

The following Personal Property, to wit:

THREE HEAD OF HORSES:

No. 1.—Bay Mare, Bell, 7 years old, 16 hands high, good worker and an excellent driver.
No. 2.—Roan Horse, Prince, 7 years old, excellent farm horse.
No. 3. Bay Horse, Tom, good worker.

6 HEAD CATTLE.—One Short-horn Durham Heifer, 3 years old; 1 Durham Heifer, 1 Welsh Cow, fresh, good milker; 3 first-class Milch Cows, will soon be in profit.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c.

One York Wagon, nearly new; 1 Farm Wagon, nearly new, iron axle; 1 Three-spring Peach Dearborn, iron axle; 1 Market Wagon, iron axle; 1 Horse-cart and Harness, new, iron axle; 1 Champion Reaper and Mower combined, 1 Grain and Phosphate Drill, one Steel-tooth Rake, 1 Grain Fan, 1 Portable Zimmerman Fruit Drier, Peach Bed, Post Machine, Barrel Churn, 1 set of Carriage Harness, 3 sets of Plow Harness, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Forks, Shovels, Hoes, &c.; 1 No. 7 Ten-plate Stove, 1 60 gallon Iron Boiler and many other things too numerous to mention.

Conditions of Sale.—All sums of $15 and under, Cash; above that amount a credit of six months will be given by purchaser giving a bankable note with approved indorser, interest added.

EDMUND S. STEVENS.
S. M. ENOS, Auctioneer. Mch.9-2t

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

HONEST OLD ABE ENTERTAINS HIS CABINET WITH A LITTLE QUOTATION.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghampton, writes Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York, Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion.—Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper. feb23-4t

Carpets! Carpets!!

I will offer for inspection

AT MIDDLETOWN HOTEL, MARCH 12 & 13,

Morning, Afternoon and Evening,

—A FULL LINE OF—

Ingrain, Brussels, Stair, Hall Carpets

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WINDOW SHADES, MATS, STAIR RODS and OIL CLOTHS at prices within the reach of all.

My object is to give you the goods at the same prices as if bought in our store, saving you time and expense. We show these goods with the aid of the DESIGN MULTIPLIER, so constructed that any pattern placed within is multiplied for an indefinite space and appears as though perfectly matched and fitted to a room.

☞ I will consider it a favor to have you come and examine my goods.

Yours respectfully,

PAYNE G. GREEN,
323 North Second Street, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Will exhibit at Odessa March 14th and 15th, Smyrna March 16th and 17th.

SEED OATS.

500 BUSHELS OF PRIME SEED OATS for sale.
N. BURRIS.
dec23-tf Near Middletown, Del.

To Painters and Others.

ALEXANDER MONRO, Practical Grainer from New York. Any one wishing a good job of graining should address him at
nov17-3m BLACKBIRD, DEL.

75,000 Osage Quicks.

ONE YEAR OLD, from seed planted last spring. VERY LARGE.
RICHARD CLAYTON,
Mch.2-5t Near Mt. Pleasant, Del.

WANTED

TO EXCHANGE, for a Fruit Farm in Delaware, a Hotel, beautifully situated in a Lawn and surrounded by shrubbery and located in a fine business centre, doing a first-class trade. It contains an Office, Barroom, Parlor, with Slate Mantle; Dining Room, Kitchen, and 12 Sleeping Rooms; also, a Bottling, 2 Ice, Wash, Smoke, Wood, Coal and Hen Houses and a Fine Refrigerator.—Also, a Large Barn, 30 by 40 feet, and Shed, 20 by 40 feet. Address, Box 346,
March.2-3m BELLEFONTE, PA.

New Advertisements.

Mutual Loan Stock.

THE BOOKS for the Sale of 11th Series Stock will be opened at the office of the Secretary Wednesday, March 14, 1883, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Mch.2-2t A. G. COX, Secretary.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he will not be held responsible for any debts contracted on and after February 21st, 1883, by WM. W. CANNON, in the name or on account of the firm of W. W. CANNON & CO.
DAVID W. ELIASON.
Middletown, Del., March 2d, 1883-2t

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Books for the Sale of Stock of the

First Series of the Mutual Loan Asso'n of Townsend, Del.,

Will be Closed on MONDAY, MAY 14th, after which no more certificates of Stock of this Series will be issued.

W. A. SCOTT, Secretary.
TOWNSEND, DEL., February 23-3t

FOR SALE.

10 Tons Prime Timothy Hay.
1200 Bundles of Blades, in best possible order.
100 Bushels Golden Dent Seed Corn.
100 Bushels Mammoth White Hiwassee Seed Corn.
5 Bushels Orange Sugar Cain Seed.
50 Bushels White Russian Oats.
20 Bushels Early Rose Potatoes.
10 Bushels Peach Blow Potatoes.
5 Bushels of Extra Pea Beans
Also lot of Extra Early Peas.

☞ *My Corn always takes Premiums.*

GEORGE WIGGIN,
Feb.23-tf Near Townsend, Del.

FOR SALE.

A NEAT AND PLEASANTLY SITUATED HOME on Green Street, opposite the Episcopal Church. Dwelling nearly new. Contains 9 rooms and large Cellar. Small Fruits and choice Grapes. Lot 45 by 150 feet. Price reasonable. Possession at once.

Decl-tf. BENJ. BENSON.

AT GEO. W. STEPHENS'

NEW

Grocery Store,

(STEPHENS' BUILDING,)

Main St., Near Mid. Hotel,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,

YOU WILL FIND

A FRESH AND CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

STAPLE

—AND—

Fancy Groceries!

COUNTRY PRODUCE WANTED,

—FOR WHICH THE—

Highest Market Price Will be Paid in Cash or Trade.

GOODS DELIVERED IN TOWN FREE OF CHARGE.

Feb.16-tf

Farmers Fire Insurance Agency!

INSURE your Live Stock, Grain, Provender and Farm Buildings in the **Girard Fire Insurance Company** of Philadelphia, the **Agricultural Fire Insurance Company** of Watertown, N. Y., and other reliable Companies.
W. N. WILSON,
Feb.9-tf Real Estate and Insurance, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the cure of EPILEPTIC FITS. From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

The Union Trust Co.

611 and 613 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Capital, $1,000,000. | Charter Perpetual.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Receiver, Guardian, Attorney, Agent, Trustee and Committee, alone or in connection with an individual appointee.

Takes charge of the property of absentees and non-residents, collects and remits income promptly, and discharges faithfully the duties of every fiduciary trust and agency known to the law.

Safes for Rent within Burglar-proof Vaults of the most approved construction.

Wills kept in Fire and Burglar-proof Safes without charge. Plate, securities and all other valuables securely kept at a moderate annual charge for safe return or specific indemnity.

Car Trusts and other approved securities for sale.

Interest allowed on Moneys deposited for definite periods, or upon ten days' notice.

W. C. PATTERSON, President.
HIESTER CLYMER, Vice-President.
MAHLON S. STOKES, Treasurer.
FRANCIS BACON, Sec'y & Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS.

W. C. PATTERSON,	HON. T. F. BAYARD,
JAMES LONG,	Wilmington, Del.
ALFRED S. GILLETT,	DR. GEO. W. REILY,
HON. ALLISON WHITE,	Harrisburg, Pa.
DR. C. P. TURNER,	HON. J. S. AFRICA,
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JOHN G. READING,	West Chester, Pa.
Philadelphia, Pa.,	GEN. W. W. H. DAVIS,
HON. T. F. RANDOLPH,	Doylestown, Pa.
Morristown, N. J.	CHAS. W. COOPER,
	Allentown, Pa.

500 AGENTS WANTED

BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, TO SELL MY

Burglar-Proof Door Fastener.

Something new and useful. Positively no humbug. Address (by letter only) for particulars, J. C. PERRY,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.—BIG PAY made making and selling Luminous Paint. Watch dials, match safes, or any article painted with it, can be seen in midnight darkness as well as at noonday. Cost to make a 50c. package only 3c. To introduce this valuable article I will for next thirty days, on receipt of two dimes or 21c. in stamps, send my receipt for making Luminous Paint. It is truly a valuable article, and worth many times its cost to one family alone. Anyone once seeing a watch or match safe painted with this will have a package of it. Address at once, J. D. CAMP, East Randolph, Vt.

A NEW BOOK BY **MARK TWAIN,** ENTITLED "**LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.**" A rich theme, and the richest, raciest volume of all the Twain series. Characteristic illustrations. $2,500 in cash prizes to agents. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Agents Wanted—Outfits now ready, $1. For particulars address Douglass Bros., Phila., Pa.

MONEY TO LEND IN CITY OR COUNTRY, in sums not less than $500, at 5 per cent. interest, upon personal and other security, for three years and upward. Also large sums, on mortgage, at 4 per cent. Apply to T. WOOD,
355 East 69th Street, N. Y. City.

CONSUMPTION I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., N. Y. Feb.23-4t

Middletown Advertisements.

GLOVES!

—AT—

S. M. Reynolds & Co's.

Forty-five Pairs Three-button Kid Gloves reduced from 75 cents to 50 cents.

Forty-six Pairs Three-button Undressed Kid Gloves, spring colors, reduced from 88 to 65 cents.

116 Pairs Two button Best Quality Kid Gloves reduced from $1.00 to 75 cents.

143 Pairs Three-button Best Quality Kid Gloves reduced from $1.25 to $1.00.

Ninety Pairs Five-hook Kid Gloves reduced from $1.38 to $1.15.

Thirty-seven Pairs Five-hook Kid Gloves reduced from $1.50 to $1.25.

Seventeen Pairs Mousquetaire Kid Gloves, in colors, at $1.35.

Thirty Pairs Kid Gloves, slightly soiled, at 25 cents.

Thirty-eight Pairs One Band Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 20 to 15 cents.

Twenty-nine Pairs Two Band Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 25 to 18 cents.

Seventeen Pairs Three Band Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 45 to 35 cents.

Twenty Pairs Four Band Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 50 to 40 cents.

Twenty-three Pairs Ribbed-top Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 35 to 25 cents.

Thirteen Pairs Missss Laced-top Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 55 to 40 cents.

Twelve Pairs Misses Two Band Fleeced-lined Gloves reduced from 50 to 35 cents.

Twenty-five Pairs Ladies' Cloth Gloves,—Fleeced-lined, reduced from 30 to 25 cents.

Forty-two Pairs Child's Woolen Mitts at reduced prices.

Sixty-four Pairs Men's Cloth Gloves at 32, 40 cents and upwards.

Seventy-seven Pairs Men's Sheep Gauntlets at 25, 35 cents and upwards.

Forty Pairs Men's Kid Gloves at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

Men's Castor Gloves, one and two button, at $1.25 to $1.50.

Men's Fleece-lined Gloves at 20, 25, 40 cents and upwards.

S. M. REYNOLDS & CO.,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Feb.16-tf

Remember!

The Carpets we sell we make and lay when so desired.

Remember!

The Cloths and Cassimeres we make up for you must fit, or you need not take them.

Remember!

Our Children's, Youth's and Men's Clothing are cut in the latest styles and made in the best manner.

Remember!

We keep the largest stock of Fancy Goods and Trimmings kept in town.

Remember!

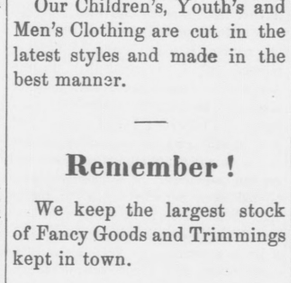
We have a Grocery Department where you may find a good selection of goods such as you may want.

Remember!

The "Glass Front" when in town. First, for the quantity of goods kept; second, for the quality of the goods; third, for the reasonable prices;—fourth, for the rapid growth of its trade; fifth, for its popularity, and finally for the desire of its proprietors and salesmen to show what we keep in stock to all who favor us with a call.

Wm. H. Moore & Co.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.



Mound City Feed Mill!

OUR LATEST INVENTION.

The most rapid grinder ever made. We make the only Corn and Cob Mill with CAST-STEEL GRINDERS. If we fail to furnish proof will give you a mill; ten different styles and sizes. The only mill that sifts the meal. We also make the **Celebrated Big Giant.**
J. A. FIELD & CO.
RICHARD CLAYTON,
Agent for New Castle County,
MOUNT PLEASANT, DEL.
☞ Write for Circulars. Feb.16-2m

25,000 Chestnut Rails and Posts For Sale by
DR. WILLS,
Feb.2-3m Earleville Post-office, Md

HAY FOR SALE.

10 TO FIFTEEN TONS OF CHOICE MIXED HAY, for sale by
G. H. McINTIRE,
March.2-3t Mt. Pleasant, Del.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

WEST & CARROLL!

BARR'S OLD STAND. ESTABLISHED 1844.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS!

PERFUMERY, TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, FINE SOAPS, BRUSHES, PATENT MEDICINES, AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES GENERALLY.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.

☞ The *Prescription Department* will be under the care of Dr. Carroll.

BARR'S COLOGNE AND BARR'S FAMILY PILLS ALWAYS ON HAND. dec.15-tf.

J. F. McWHORTER,

Grain Com'n. Merchant,

AND DEALER IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,
STOREROOM IN COCHRAN BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

The Middletown Agency for the following well tried Agricultural Implements:—

Edmonston & Waddell Sulky Cultivator,

Over 100 sold in this neighborhood this year.

South Bend Plows; also, South Bend Sulky Plow

Solid SLIP SHARE FOR ALL PLOWS, (exclusive agency for Middletown and vicinity).

VANWINKLE GRAIN FAN AND PENNOCK CORN SHELLER,
THOMPSON HORSE RAKE, 5 feet Wheel, cannot be excelled for bunching and raking;

☞ Rubber and Leather Belting, and Rubber Hose, of all styles furnished cheap.

☞ Farmers who purchase machines of me will find them to be as represented. Apr. 7-tf.

☞ N. B.—AGENTS FOR GILL & FISHER, EUROPEAN SHIPPERS, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE.

Grain Wanted at all times.

HOW WE ALWAYS TEST SEEDS!

From Small Tests Began in 1784 this Practice has Extended to Acres.

OUR TRIAL GROUND embraces the entire list of vegetables from A to Z; not one sample of each, but comparative lists of sometimes two hundred of each sort. Samples of our own, samples from the counters and seed lists of American Seed Merchants, samples from Canada, England, Holland, France, Germany, Italy, and other more remote parts of the world, all classified, ranged side by side.

Each family of vegetables planted the same day and under precisely the same circumstances, each trial distinguished by a label bearing specific numbers; these recorded in a book, giving date of planting and origin of sample.

The books of record are volumes of practical observation, and may be seen in the office stacked away, extending far back into the years, ready at all times to testify to the merits or demerits of every vegetable known to the trade.

All conditions and disturbing causes are taken into account, and in this case the whole history of the growth and characteristics of the plant are discovered by means of the comparative method. We know the history and the quality of the goods we sell. The trial ground is at once a "sample room," a "register" of kinds of stock, a "laboratory," a record of kinds sold, with dates and particulars.

☞ If you want the most Reliable Seeds, buy LANDRETH'S, in original sealed packages only.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, containing full catalogue of Landreth's Celebrated Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, with directions for culture. In English and German. Also, Catalogue of Implements and Tools free of charge. PRICES LOW.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,
March.9-3m 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., between Market and Chestnut, and S. W. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.

☞ **CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000** ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the